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Our Outlook Tower.

THE TRUTH, DR. SCHOFIELD, AND THE "WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL CHRONICLE."

YOU may take a horse to the water but you cannot force it to drink, if it be not so disposed. We have patiently guided Dr. Schofield to the fountain of verified truth, but he will not swallow its clear waters. We invited him "to extinguish a lie"—to quote his own phrase—that he had been spreading in book and speech as to the number of persons in American lunatic asylums through Spiritualism at a certain period. He had given these at 10,000—increased by the *Daily Sketch* to 100,000. Reference to statistics showed that this number should only have been 4! The Doctor now knows the truth, and an excellent opportunity occurred at the Queen's Hall on June 1 to honourably proclaim it. He then appeared as principal speaker at a World's Evangelical Alliance meeting to expound "Spiritism: A Present Danger." The doctor's courage was, however, unequal to the occasion, for to have acknowledged the true fact would have knocked the bottom out of his absurd argument that Spiritualism is "a present danger"! Having been brought to book, he obviously felt himself in an uncomfortable dilemma. The Chairman announced that instead of speaking first as arranged, the doctor would speak last, and the last speaker would be first! And when at length the venerable-looking gentleman's turn came along, he remained seated and said—"The editor of the *Psychic Gazette* is here, and I will have pleasure in speaking to him afterwards at the close of this meeting!" Thus he shied at the post, and evaded doing the straightforward thing. At the close of the meeting we saw the doctor in the ante-room, and he told us that his reason for not withdrawing the 10,000 figure was because he had had a conversation on the telephone with Dr. Forbes Winslow about it as late as 1919, and Dr. Winslow had not then definitely withdrawn it. We replied that Dr. Forbes Winslow had died several years ago, and therefore could have had no such conversation with him in 1919, and further that Dr. Winslow had himself withdrawn the statements in his 1877 pamphlet in 1911. We further reminded Dr. Schofield that he had now the true figures, as stated in American official statistics, and had been given the reference to these as summarised in the *British Medical Journal* of February 13, 1879. It was consequently his duty to publicly state what was true. The doctor, however, was obdurate and said he could not do that, but he would promise never again to repeat the wrong figures! That of course is something! The doctor had a fine chance to do the obviously right thing and be "a hero in the strife," but he chose to let it pass. So there we must leave him!

The editor of the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle* had assured us that he was willing to contradict the *Daily Sketch's* mistake of 100,000 for 10,000, and we put the facts before him also, showing that 4 and not 10,000 was correct, adding that we should admire his fairness in mentioning this. We, regret however, that he also has failed to be fair or frank in the matter. He says in his June number:—

"In some remarks upon the subject of Spiritism which appeared in a recent number of this magazine, a statement made by the *Daily Sketch* was repeated to the effect that there were 100,000 cases of lunacy in the asylums attributable to that deadly cult [sic]. The journal above mentioned has corrected the figures to 10,000, and we desire, in the interests of fair-play, also to make the 'amende honorable'."

The "interests of fair-play" appear to the editor of the *W.C.C.* to have been sufficiently satisfied by repeating the 10,000 error and ignoring the true figure 4! And here is its editor's remarkable addendum to his honourable amend:

"To those experienced in the effects of this modern scourge [sic], however, the only regret is that the mercy of insanity [sic] is not extended to all who handle the dirty business [sic] of Necromancy [sic]. It would save them from evils for which they will be held more directly responsible than would be the case if they had entirely lost their mental balance. One is glad to admit that many of the professors of this cult are doubtless well-meaning enough, but the mischief is none the less awful."

Now here the editor of the *W.C.C.* has let his religious prejudices run furiously away with him. Spiritualism is neither Necromancy (as he well knows) nor a "deadly cult," nor a "modern scourge," nor a "dirty business," and as to its effect upon the sanity of its believers being, as he alleges, mischievous or awful it is much less so, if at all, than the hell-fire religion which the Catholic Church above all others still preaches in this enlightened century. The editor of the *W.C.C.* says he regrets that "the mercy of insanity" is not extended to all Spiritualists, but he may save his pity, for believers in this "deadly cult" are quite content to be sane, and are more likely to remain so than if they believed in the horrors of eternal torture. The *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, like Dr. Schofield, knows the truth as to the enormously fictitious figures it has put in the minds of its readers. It, however, values and retains the falsehood and despises the true fact. That attitude may seem to it to be "religious," but we suspect it would be more correctly described as "an abomination unto the Lord." Lying, bearing false witness, and evil-wishing, are "evil spirits" which still need to be exorcised even from Cathedral courts. The elementary but eternal verities demand respect, and "spiritual wickedness in high places" still requires purgation.

Dr. Forbes Winslow's Conversion and Return.

In view of Dr. Schofield's claim to have talked on the telephone last year with Dr. Forbes Winslow we called on Mrs. Forbes Winslow and ascertained that her husband died on June 8, 1913. Mrs. Winslow told us that the Doctor had, as near as she could recollect, become a Spiritualist about 1908 or 1909—that is, about four or five years before his passing. He had been on terms of friendship with Professor Lombroso, and perhaps that had led to his reading up the subject and going carefully into it. In 1911 he publicly announced at Merthyr Tydfil his conviction of the truths of Spiritualism, to which he had been antagonistic for over thirty years, his pamphlet on "Spiritualistic Madness" having been published in 1877. Mrs. Winslow, continuing, said—

"I will tell you a curious thing that happened shortly after the Doctor's death. He had been friendly with a lady who had psychic gifts, and she came to me and said she had spoken to my husband, but he had asked her to tell me not to go to mediums to get in touch with him. That message I could quite understand for the Doctor till the last had believed that many mediums were fraudulent."

And yet, we said, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace said he had never come across a medium who cheated. It had been so

often said that mediumship and fraud were closely associated that many people had come to believe it without question, but that, we said, had not been our own experience. The mediums with whom we were acquainted were just as honest and truthful as any other class of persons.

"Some months later," said Mrs. Winslow, "a gentleman wrote to me saying that he had been to a medium, and had received through her a message that purported to come from the Doctor. He suggested that he should come to see me about it, and I consented. He told me that the Doctor had brought a little dog with him to the seance and had given its name as 'Beppi' as a proof of identity. The description and name of the dog were quite accurate. I had never seen the gentleman before and he had never seen me. I did not doubt that this was really a message from the Doctor. The gentleman invited me to go to a voice seance with Mrs. Etta Wriedt at Mr. Stead's house in Wimbledon, and I went with Dr. Douglas, who carries on the practice. It was frightfully dark and as Dr. Douglas had a nervous cough he went out of the room. After that a 'voice' addressed me affectionately, using expressions that

were my husband's, such expressions as no other person would have used. I was sure in my own mind that I had spoken to him. I went to two or three more of these seances, and I had no doubt at all that it was my husband who spoke with me. Then we had a seance in this house. Mrs. Susanna Harris was the medium. I have a little mechanical bird that sings in a golden box. When you open the lid it stands up, flutters its wings, and sings. My husband's father bought it in Geneva many years ago. There was only myself and a friend of mine present, besides the medium. My husband's voice spoke. He said—'I have made a little bird like *our* bird,' and he asked me to wind up our bird, which I did with a key. But before I had finished the winding up his bird began to sing and then my bird followed, and they merrily twittered together. His bird sang much more loudly than mine. Mrs. Harris could not understand the manifestation, but I did. The doctor's bird fluttered about the room as it sang, and I felt it resting on my hair. I thought that a very curious and convincing test, for no one present but myself knew anything about our little mechanical bird."

J. L.

Spiritualism in the "Three Towns."

By W. H. EVANS, Merthyr Tydfil.

AFTER an absence of many years, Whit-Sunday found me once again in my native town of Plymouth, where I was engaged to speak for the "Stonehouse Spiritualist Church." As an old worker in the cause in the "Three Towns," I was naturally interested in the progress our beloved truth is making, and desirous of noting the changes which had taken place in my absence.

The Stonehouse Church is one that I helped to found about fourteen years ago, when secretary of the Devonshire and District Spiritualist Union. This union has been defunct for some years, but its existence has been justified, as the above church and the society at Paignton were both founded whilst I was secretary, and both societies have done well.

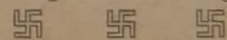
Prior to our start at Stonehouse an attempt was made to open up Devonport, but it fell through, owing to lack of support, and the difficulty of getting a suitable place to hold meetings in. Accordingly on the suggestion—I believe of Mr. and Mrs. Joachim Dennis—a small room was engaged at the Kent Unity Hall (Oddfellows) at Edgumbe Street, Stonehouse, and the meetings were successful from the start. This is undoubtedly due to two factors—one the position, which is central, in the main artery between Plymouth and Devonport—the other the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Dennis threw themselves heartily into the work, and by their organising ability have brought the society to the present pitch of efficiency. They have long since outgrown the small room and now hold their meetings in the large hall which seats over three hundred people, and they get it packed every Sunday. Undoubtedly one of the great attractions is their fine orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. T. Dennis, and their choir. This gives a charm and brightness to their meetings which is absent from the majority of our societies. In connection with the church there are several good workers, and it is self-contained, not being dependent upon any outside aid either for exponents or demonstrators. At present they have the site of a new church in view and anticipate in the near future that they will have a home of their own. Everything looks promising, and given a continuance of present conditions their dream should speedily materialise.

There is a big field of labour in the "Three Towns," and I would like to see closer unity between the two existent societies. I would also like to see the Stonehouse Church express the spirit of solidarity and unity with the great movement of Spiritualism by their affiliation with the Spiritualists' National Union, or with the Southern Counties Spiritualists' Union, as in union there is strength, and just as no individual can live to himself so no church can be a really effective centre when it is cut off from its fellow churches.

With growth and expansion, Devonport will by and by have its Spiritualist society. I should say the "Three Towns" are large enough to support at least six good Spiritualist societies, which combined in one local joint committee could mutually support each other and open up new ground. As the furthest outpost—that is as an organised effort—there is surely a great responsibility resting upon the Spiritualists of the western metropolis regarding the county of Cornwall. In fact the whole of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall is practically fallow ground. If the Southern Counties Union could procure a van, and engage a real live speaker, to tour these counties, a few

years would see the whole of the southern counties afire with our cause. It sounds a great deal, but with the brains and the energy that is already in the movement down south it ought not to be an insurmountable proposition. I just throw out these few thoughts in the hope that the Stonehouse Church, which is ambitious to do things, will move and link up for the purpose of carrying the light further afield.

My stay amongst the Stonehouse friends is full of happy memories, and I sincerely hope to visit them in their church, and worship with them under their own vine and fig tree. Nothing succeeds like success, and having got on so far there is no reason why the ideal should not be reached. Confidence in the spirit-world, the earnest support of the members, and the zeal of the leaders, will I am sure find Stonehouse as the first western church with its own home. There is one important addition needed to the church and that is a lending library, with a book-stall for the sale of literature. This, besides being an effective means of propaganda, is a source of revenue to the church. May the good work prosper exceedingly!



"THE TRUE COMFORT."—The Associated Bible Students, Ilford, E., say in a leaflet against Spiritualism they are distributing from door to door:—"Let us comfort our hearts with the true comfort, the substantial comfort of the Word of God—there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust." The thousands of millions who have gone down into the great prison-house of death shall be released because the Great Redeemer has the 'key,' the power, the authority, to bid prisoners come forth, even as the Scriptures declare. What a glorious resurrection morning that will be! What a glorious reunion! These good people are easily satisfied with a wordy prospect of a resurrection-morn an æon of time ahead! If they deem that "bread" it is only a "stone" to those who know experimentally that the "resurrection" comes to all as quickly as the twinkling of an eye at the moment of physical death. This is good Christian truth, vouched for by St. Paul, as well as good Spiritualism.

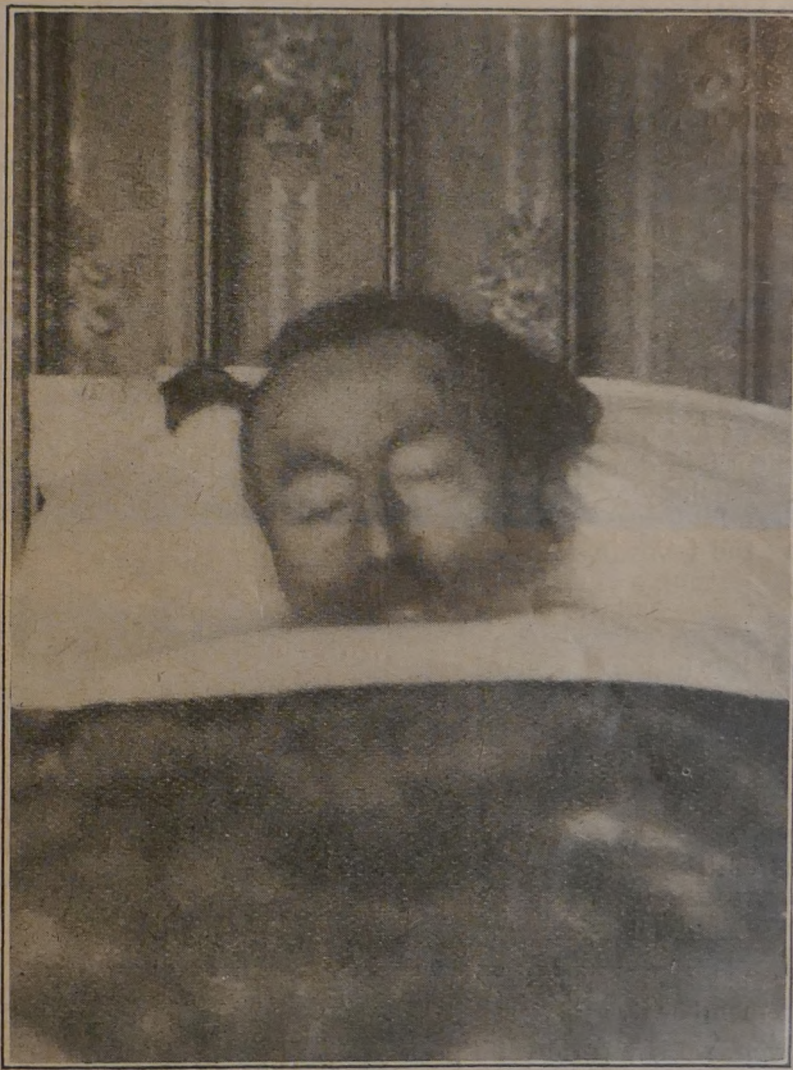
SIR WILLIAM CROOKES' TESTIMONY TO FLORRIE COOK AND KATIE KING.—"The almost daily seances with which Miss Cook has lately favoured me have proved a severe tax upon her strength, and I wish to make the most public acknowledgment of the obligations I am under to her for her readiness to assist me in my experiments. Every test that I have proposed she has at once agreed to submit to with the utmost willingness; she is open and straightforward in speech, and I have never seen anything approaching the slightest symptom of a wish to deceive. Indeed, I do not believe she could carry on a deception if she were to try, and if she did she would certainly be found out very quickly, for such a line of action is altogether foreign to her nature. And to imagine that an innocent school-girl of fifteen should be able to conceive and then successfully carry out for three years so gigantic an imposture as this, and in that time should submit to any test which might be imposed upon her, should bear the strictest scrutiny, should be willing to be searched at any time, either before or after a seance, and should meet with even better success in my own house than in that of her parents, knowing that she visited me with the express object of submitting to strict scientific tests—to imagine, I say, the Katie King of the last three years to be the result of imposture does more violence to one's reason and commonsense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms."—(*Researches*, pp. 111, 112).

Mr. Cecil Husk's 73rd Birthday.

NEVER in his life, perhaps, has Mr. Husk had such a happy birthday celebration as that of this year. Mrs. Etta Duffus, who has for six years been his constant untiring "guardian angel" (without wings), motored from Elstree to Peckham for the occasion, and picked up, on her way through London, the editors of *Light*, *Two Worlds*, and this *Gazette*. The car was laden with her many thoughtful gifts, and on arriving at South Grove the three editors, the chauffeur, and Miss Simpson (the old gentleman's faithful nurse) became willing porters in carrying the various boxes, baskets, and parcels upstairs, while Mrs. Duffus herself carried a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers. When the happy party entered the sick-room Mr. Husk, according to Mr. Gow, "at first lay prone and silent, a patriarchal figure, pale with much suffering" and, according to Mr. Oaten, "the shrunken form, made patriarchal by a full growth of grey beard, lay restfully between snow-white sheets, his sunken cheeks eloquently testifying to the long suffering he had borne." But before many minutes had passed a complete transformation took place. Mrs. Duffus as usual had greeted the paralysed invalid with happy laughing words of cheer, his pipe was immediately filled and lit, cakes of home-made Elstree shortbread, one peel-marked "C.H." and the other "73," were unpacked, glasses were filled with a rich sparkling wine, and the visitors, gathering around the sick-bed, heartily toasted the famous old medium's health. Mrs. Duffus—"We all wish you, Mr. Husk, many very happy returns, and may all pain and suffering soon leave you!" The three editors chimed in with—"May you have a prosperous reward and rich compensations," "May you have a speedy cessation of pain, with greater freedom and a larger life," and "May you have the continued affection of your many friends in both worlds." Mr. Husk smiled responsively and Mrs. Duffus said—"You are all right now, Mr. Husk!" Mr. Husk—"Yes, indeed!" He then took a sip of the clear wine, and said—"This is very refreshing. My head has been so giddy to-day that I can hardly pull myself together to talk. I had a very very bad night; in fact I have had no sleep for many hours. But I take this opportunity to say how much I appreciate the kindness I have received from Mrs. Duffus and my many friends during my ordeal." Mrs. Duffus—"We are all very happy to-day, Mr. Husk, because we want you to be happy. I bring you a nice message from Cardinal Newman and Mr.

Craddock's other guides: they all send you their love and wish you freedom from pain." We of this *Gazette* said—"You should feel very highly honoured to-day, Mr. Husk, for here are greeting you Mr. Gow, the editor of *Light*, and Mr. Oaten, the editor of the *Two Worlds*, and between them they represent the whole realm of British Spiritualism—after the *Psychic Gazette*!" Mr. Husk, laughing, said—"Yes, indeed," and Mr. Gow added "I was just wondering how you would finish that sentence!" By this time the whole atmosphere of the sick-room had changed to gaiety and laughter, and, as Mr. Oaten puts it, the invalid's "sightless eyes gleamed;" he appeared to be really and blessedly happy. Then he began to chat—"Dr. Bowie (a Spiritualist now in spirit-life) is here to-day. He is concerned about my

eyes. He is very delighted to see you, Mrs. Duffus, and the other friends, and he thinks this little gathering a great compliment to myself. He really has always felt a keen interest in mediums. You see I was several times in Scotland and stayed at his house. He too wished me many happy returns. There are many spirit-friends here, and they appear to be talking very gleefully about me. They talk as if I will yet be of service to the cause. John King is here and thinks this meeting a great compliment to himself as well as to his medium. 'Joey' is here likewise, and Katie King says she has been trying to develop many private mediums, but it is difficult for her to keep in touch with the



MR. CECIL HUSK.

movement generally, as she had hitherto done. She says she has met Sir William and Lady Crookes since they went over, and their meeting was a happy one. Sir William says he has hoped to have an opportunity of speaking through me. He sees a much brighter view of things before us and says Spiritualism will hold its own until it takes the leading place among all religions, and will afford men real spiritual guidance."

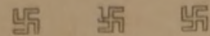
The following is the conclusion of the *Two Worlds* report, which we have pleasure in quoting as it could not well be improved upon:—

Mr. Husk then said: "I shall presently do myself the pleasure of talking to my spirit-friends and thanking them for the power which they and you have brought. I have not felt so happy for months. I think without an illness such as mine one does not realise how many kind friends there are in the world. I can never thank Mrs. Duffus sufficiently." And then the veteran medium, who was at one time in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, burst into song. The voice was sometimes shaky, but notes and phrases here and there gave evidence of the artistry of the trained vocalist. "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled!" Every word clear and distinct and without an error, and

if suffering had weakened the vocal power, there was still a lingering sweetness in the melody. For a broken man at 73 years of age, this was a remarkable performance, and one doubts the ability of any other who was present to equal it. It was a striking illustration of the recuperative powers of the old psychics.

And so we left him, happy and content. The body warped, yet in himself at peace; to use his own words, "I feel lately I am passing through a peace past all understanding."

The little company wended its way down the stairs, and talked in the hall below, when they were startled by the thunderous voice of John King. Its heavy resonant tone rang clearly through the house, "I thank you very much to-day for coming to see my faithful medium—thank you, friends!" Mr. Husk is not deserted by those he has so well served, and we think the day will not be long delayed when the reward of his constancy will be the "Well done!" of his powerful guides, and after the storm of suffering the doors of immortality will open for him and welcome him to a larger life of continued useful service.



"INASMUCH."

By FLORY RATCLIFFE.

I SAT alone in my room, my thoughts very busy as I meditated on the spiritual gifts with which God had endowed me, all of which might be helpful in the great cause of spreading His Truth. The one thought uppermost in my mind on that particular evening was, How can I be of greater service to Humanity? Strong desires surged through my soul, and the irrepressible longing resolved itself into an unspoken prayer, "Lord, shew me the way."

At that moment, there was a loud ring at the front door bell. I opened it to find a lady standing there whom I have only known since the death of her husband—one of the many brave souls who recently laid down their lives that others might live in peace. The lady explained that her son and daughter, aged eleven and thirteen respectively, were returning to college during the following week, and asked if I would give them an opportunity of hearing my guide, "Faithful," of whom the mother had often spoken to the children. I went to them on the following Sunday evening, and our little service will live long in the memory of each one present. The "power" was wonderful. "Faithful" not only administered comfort from himself but paved the way in a most glorious manner for the father to manifest himself to his wife and children. The joy of the sorrowing wife, as she listened to the voice of her husband, and the rapture of the children, as they were once more clasped in the loving embrace of their father, can be better imagined than described. Through the aid of another of my guides (a Sister of Mercy in earth-life) the following prayer was received from the father and transmitted to the children who were asked to repeat it after the Sister, so that they might remember it.

"Our Father who art in heaven, we thy little children come to thee humbly asking that thou wilt bless us and make us good. We feel to-night that the presence of our dear father is very near to us, and we want to tell him that we will try and stand by our darling mother when in sickness, and to comfort her in sorrow. Please, Father, help us to grow in that divine strength and wisdom which will make us always want to be kind to her. May we ever remember our dear father whom thou hast called to the higher life, whose eyes are ever watching over us, and make us truly grateful for this knowledge. Help us to cling close to each other as brother and sister, and love each other in the future, whatever changes this life may bring to us. Make us kind to our dear Grannie, who has helped us and our darling mother so much. Thou knowest we love her too. Please grant our earnest prayer as we know that all we ask is for our good.—Amen."

Yes, God did indeed catch up the refrain of my soul. He heard my voiceless prayer, and did in a measure answer it, not by mighty deeds, not by any of the glorious visions my fancy had conjured up whilst I dreamed alone, but in the simplest and humblest way. Just by the uniting of husband, wife, and children for a brief spell. Was I disappointed? Ah, no; I have realised since the magnitude of the Master's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me." I ask to accomplish nothing great—only more abundant—for I have never yet derived so much happiness from any service I have rendered in my humble way during the few years God has privileged me to use my gifts for the benefit of others, than I derived from this one act.

Mr. A. P. SINNETT ON SPIRITUALISM.

WE have pleasure in reprinting the following short excerpts from two recent articles on Spiritualism written for the *Daily Graphic* by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Vice-President of the Theosophical Society:—

"The physical phenomena associated with spiritual mediumship are foolishly sneered at by prejudiced critics as trivial or ignoble in their character. What is the good, they ask, even if one could believe it, of the fact that tables and chairs will sometimes kick about of themselves, that musical boxes will float in the air while playing in the dark, or pass in and out of closed rooms?—It would be just as wise to quarrel with the earlier phenomena of electrical science because they were associated with experiments so ignoble as those connected with a dead frog's leg!"

"Spiritualism, as properly understood, has a twofold aspect. First of all it affords us positive assurance that human consciousness and personality survive the change called death. That all around us there is another sphere of existence inaccessible to the senses of the physical body, but as real for appropriate senses as the landscape around us on earth.

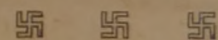
"Further than this, it shows with vivid precision the all-important principle that in order to be happy in that future condition people must lead reasonably good lives during their physical existence, and in this way Spiritualism for millions, many millions—both in Europe and America—has accomplished what with all its magnificent resources conventional religion has failed to achieve.

"In truth, when Modern Spiritualism was inaugurated by the Fox girls, the world was drifting, under the influence of scientific materialism, into a condition of doubt tending towards absolute disbelief in the idea that there was any future for human consciousness beyond the grave. Had that drifting of opinion continued unchecked the result by now would have been a world steeped in the gloomy negations of atheism."

"If the Church collectively had realised how enormously the new revelation (as it was in 1850) reinforced religious faith, the clergy collectively would have been the most ardent supporters of Spiritualism. The fact that they became its antagonists is a painful though ludicrous illustration of the way in which the unseen powers of evil are always on the alert to impede spiritual progress. . . . With childish imbecility the champions of darkness talk about conjuring, imposture, hallucination, when the records of physical phenomena at seances are made public. And public credulity hitherto has eagerly accepted groundless falsehood when in harmony with current prejudice."

"The scientific world collectively is as much to blame for disregarding the significance of such phenomena as the Church on its side is to blame for resisting a discovery which does more to dignify human life and to emphasise the higher ethics than all that ecclesiastical creeds collectively have accomplished in the last two thousand years."

"For many years now, advanced Theosophical students have been well aware of the fact that the comprehension they have now reached in regard to the nature of life on the astral plane is a vindication and not a contradiction of the conclusions reached by ordinary Spiritualistic research."



FRIENDSHIP.

Who is my friend?

Throughout my days, I have had intercourse with many men,

Pleasant hours in mirthful laughter spent; the tides
Of many minds have washed o'er mine, and left
Their trace for good or ill across the sands of life.
But who is my friend?

True friendship is so rare a flower that many
Find it not, though far they seek; it does not lie
Like lilies on the waters of acquaintanceship, but
blossoms

In the fragrant shade of life's most sacred hours.

He is my friend who shares my inmost heart,

Rejoicing in my joy and grieving in my grief, changing
Tears to sunny smiles, giving strength to live, to pray,
Thinking naught of faults or failures, but showing love
always.

God send me such a friend!

BEATRICE GAULTON.

The Old Language of Trees.

By ELLEN CONROY, M.A.

"And Solomon understood all trees from the hyssop that springeth out of the wall to the cedar of Lebanon."

THE present-day undergraduate or schoolboy thinks his little knowledge of botany infinitely superior to the boasted wisdom of Solomon; but what is probably meant in the above by "understanding all trees" is understanding the inner significance of trees, though I feel sure that the healing properties were also known. A lady coming from India told me how her baby lay at death's door until her ayah asked for permission to change the flowers in the sick-room. Very soon afterward, the child began to recover. On being questioned the ayah replied that the presence of certain flowers and trees was most useful in combating disease. Unfortunately the lady looked upon the whole matter as coincidence and did not even remember the name of the flower used. It is, however, well known how the pine acts beneficially on all people who have chest complaints. I have known a case of a severe attack of asthma being cured when the patient was taken to sit in a pine wood.

Trees and plants are able to exercise a great influence on the human mind. They have proved a constant source of inspiration to our poets, to our artists, and to our great seers of religion. This is because the actual life-essence of the tree affects the seer. Trees can be psychometrised, just as articles may. A short time ago I was told of a lady who knows nothing of botany but when a root or leaf of a plant is put into her hands she can state the life conditions of the plant—whether it dwells by the sea, or on the hillside, or is a parasite, etc. I have continually found that clairvoyants "see" flowers but rarely trees. This is probably because the medium practises indoors. When mediumship was practised in the open air, as it was in the East, trees were "seen" more often, and therefore they were given definite meanings just as flowers were given meanings. There is however so much bigotry in the countryside of England that a medium practising in the open would not be safe from hostile attack. I have been given sufficient instances of the "seeing" of trees to realise that, as with colour, trees are true symbols, that is, there is a real correspondence between the idea and the object. When we look at the magnificent trees of the earth we are not in the least surprised that they should have been considered objects of veneration and worship. In our own country the Maypole marks the remnant of some of this old tree-worship. Among the Australian natives a curious ceremony used to be performed when a youth was initiated into the tribe. One of his teeth was drawn and hammered into a tree trunk. This tree henceforth became the home of his soul, and when the man died his spirit was supposed to occupy that tree-home. We can compare this belief with that of the Greeks in their Hamadryads, and in their hanging masks of Bacchus on a tree. When great prophets and seers arose, these old beliefs in trees being the home of the soul were not cast aside, but were taken and built into the great religions of the world, and the tree became the emblem of the man—of the soul of the man.

Thus it is we find in the sacred literatures of the world that whenever a man or woman is mentioned as being under a tree that tree becomes an appropriate symbol of that person's life. Each

Buddha has his own appropriate tree. Siddhartha or Sakya Muni, the last Buddha, is represented as attaining enlightenment under the bo tree (*asvatha* or *ficus religiosa*), a tree whose leaves tremble like our aspen leaves—a sign that the true spiritual man must be ever ready and eager to work in order that the world may be made better. The previous Buddha, Kasyapa, is represented as under the great banyan tree, which sends down new shoots to the earth, which take root, and so the tree spreads and spreads. So must the spiritual man be always ready to send out new roots, to occupy new positions, to progress mentally, to understand other people's points of view, and so shall the earth come entirely under the influence of spiritual blessings. We are not surprised that the Upanishads are also called Tree Mysteries, not merely, as some say, because they whispered to initiates in the forests, but because they give knowledge of the soul. Neither are we surprised that in the Welsh language the word gwyth means wood and also means knowledge. "Blessed is the wood whereby righteousness cometh," cries Solomon. Both Isaiah and Christ knew this old language of trees, for Christ at the beginning of his ministry quotes some of Isaiah's great words and he teaches by means of trees.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me:
Because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings
unto the meek.
He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,
To proclaim liberty to the captives,
And the opening of the prison to them that are bound,
To proclaim the acceptable year of our Lord,
And the day of vengeance of our God;
To comfort all that mourn,
To appoint unto all that mourn in Zion,
To give them beauty for ashes,
The oil of joy for mourning,
The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness,
That they might be called Trees of Righteousness,
The Planting of the Lord,
That he might be glorified,
And they shall build the old wastes."

The various trees show us some quality which is necessary to the soul on its upward path. Some of these meanings of trees are very well known, e.g., the orange tree, as the emblem of the bride, and a sign of purity. But how many know the meaning of the lemon tree? It is the symbol of beauty. "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." I believe it is still used by the Jews at Pentecost, when a branch is burnt. If they cannot obtain a branch they tie a lemon to an ordinary twig and burn that. Does not this suggest why we have pictures of the Virgin seated under a lemon tree—the beautiful soul obtaining the gift of the Spirit? How full of meaning such details in a picture become when we understand these ideas! Among modern pictures of surpassing loveliness is one by Arthur Hacker, "The Annunciation." It shows the Virgin, with eyes full of mystery and wonder, standing by a well—the well of Truth. Behind her is an almond tree; and as you look more intently at this tree a shadowy form takes shape and you see the angel Gabriel, who is ever the angel of the soul. The soul stands by the well of Truth, for the great spirit of truth is to be given to her. The messenger Gabriel is in the almond tree, because it is the symbol of a swift message. When Jeremiah began his mission God asked him what he saw, and the prophet replied, "I see the rod of an almond

tree." Whereupon God said, "It is well, for I will hasten my word to perform it." O course I know the almond tree ripens very quickly and so there is a natural symbolism, but there is a higher plane of interpretation—the meaning that Jeremiah would receive deep truths, swift messages, prophetic powers, from the Lord. We have this same idea in the time of Aaron. Some of the Levites disputed his claim to be the high priest, and so Aaron's rod was made to bud forth almond blossoms as a sign that God's message was ever ready through Aaron. Aaron is the divine word to man, hence he is the true prototype of Christ who is the Branch, the fruitful Bough, the Stem of Jesse's rod, the Sceptre, the Governor, the Councillor, the Judge, the King of Kings. Again, in the Apocryphal Gospels, Joseph's rod is made to blossom as a sign that he is chosen to wed Mary. The seven-branched golden candlestick had the seven cups made in shape of almond buds.

This candlestick was near the oracle. When we know the meaning of the almond we realise how appropriate the shape was. The shape of the almond nut also plays an important part in mysticism. It is sometimes called the *vesica piscis*, i.e. the body of the fish. The fish is the physical man, out of which the spiritual man must arise. Wherever you see the almond-shaped aura of light around a picture it means, "Please interpret this picture mystically," i.e. please receive a message. If it is round the Virgin at her Assumption it means, "Do not let your mind dwell on the historic Mary, but on the true soul who ascends, after having taken to herself all the beautiful soul attributes." When you are in a cathedral and sit in the "*vesica piscis*," it means that you are now in the mystical communion of all the saints, and that all the Unseen Intelligence is ready to speak to you.

(To be continued).

A Child's Letter from the Rose-Home.

TRANSMITTED THROUGH MARY HAMILTON.

I AM a little girl who has been brought to you this morning by a beautiful lady whom you call Patience. To us children she is our Angel Mother.

I live in a lovely home, along with many other boys and girls, and we are very happy. When we left our homes on earth we were brought to the garden homes here to be educated, and trained to grow into good men and women. We often come back to earth to visit our fathers and mothers, and to play with other children, especially our own brothers and sisters, if we have any, and our little friends we have left. Sometimes they see us and sometimes they do not, but we tell them when they are doing wrong, and try to give them the teaching we ourselves receive.

Would you like to know what I am like? I was eight years old when I left the earth, just a little time ago. I am fair, with lots of shiny hair, and a wreath of tiny roses which do not fade holding it back out of my eyes. My eyes are blue, and so is my dress, of a pretty silky stuff. I have petticoats and knickers too, of pale blue, and stockings and shoes to match. The shoes are each fastened with a pink rosebud, and my pink sash has one big pink rose pretending to hold it in place at the waist.

Do you like the outside of me? The Angel Mother says I am little Rosebud inside as well! I do not know what more to tell you for I am just a little girl yet, but I like this world so much. We are never ill here, and it is much easier to be good. Often we liked being bad just for a little, but there is no fun in it now, for it makes everybody sad if one of us is naughty. And we can have so much fun that we always want to be good.

Please tell the people whose little boys and girls and wee tiny babies have left them that they are not to be sad, for we are all growing up, and will come for them some day. Often the children in the different homes are taken to earth to meet their own friends, and we are all so happy when that is so, because we know that our turn will come some day, and we work on to learn and grow bright, so that they will be proud of us when they meet us again.

I have not come to meet anyone to-day, but to write you a letter from the Rose-home children, to let all our dear daddies, mummies, and friends on earth know about us. I have brought you a rose. Can you not see it, any more than you can

see me? It is funny for I can see you. Some people can see us. I do not understand why everyone can't, for we are so distinct to each other. I suppose that is what makes you people so sad when you think of us; you can't see nor hear us, so you think we are far away, when we may be all the time climbing on your knees.

I am glad I am here. It is far nicer. I wish you knew my mummie, for I can't write to her. She never knows when I come to her, and she cries such a lot, but I hope to make her see me some day and then she will be happy. (Rosebud's letter ends and Patience adds a postscript.)

Dear Child,—I brought this little one to you this morning to give her little message. Show it to all who are mourning for their children, for the need for light is great in this dark age through which the world is passing. May the Father's blessing be on the children everywhere, for truly they are His greatest gift to your world, and from there to ours. Our love to you.—Patience and Little Rosebud.

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THE FORMER THINGS.

No pain, no care—
Only the Father's strong encircling arm;
And then a deathless calm.

No pain, no strife—
Only the consciousness of perfect rest,
Upon His tender breast.

No pain, no tears—
Only a passing up the steps of light,
Away from sorrow's bitter night.

No pain, no fears—
Only the angels' soothing lullaby,
Then Love's unclouded sky.

E. P. PRENTICE.

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HAUNTED HOUSE.—Workmen who are engaged in demolishing Sherard House, Eltham, which was built in 1634, have discovered a secret staircase and inside it an old tinder box. The house, which is said to be haunted by a ghost, has been unoccupied for some years, and a bank is to be erected on the site. The whole of the wood-work has been removed to London in motor lorries to a London firm of dealers in antiques.

The Soul's True Home.

By M. ETHELWYN HALL.

RECEIVED BY INSPIRATIONAL WRITING, JUNE 2ND, FROM H. M.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—At our request Mrs. Hall has kindly supplied us with the following information as to how she receives her scripts:—"You have asked for a short introductory note to the script I sent you. I think I had better give you the facts and get you to frame them if you will. It is rather difficult for me to write in the first person. About 22 years ago I started to see if I could get any automatic writing—sitting alone. I got one sentence only, automatically, and I have never had another. I sat regularly in spite of no results, and at last noticed that one word would keep repeating itself in my mind with persistent regularity. I wrote it down, and then came another word, and so on, and in that way I learned to listen for that inner voice, which is quite distinct from myself, although not audible to the physical sense. Henry Martineau was one of my earliest communicators, and all I know of his earth-life is that he is a brother of the great Unitarian Divine, Dr. James Martineau. I fancy I am not gifted with curiosity, for I never asked for information, and this is all he gave me of himself. I found no reference to him in the Life of Dr. Martineau, but in more recent years two separate people have told me they have found this brother Henry mentioned, either in a life of James or his sister Harriet. I get *all* my writing in this same way. I *hear* nothing, and *see* nothing objectively, but I just *listen*, and take down from dictation these messages, writing so fast that often I have not time to complete the words. I ask questions now, and in fact hold perfectly natural conversations. I *think* I ask the questions mentally, but am not sure. I am sitting alone as a rule, and am so absorbed that I really do not know whether I speak or not. I am now able to 'hold the line' through an interruption. I have books and books full of teaching and interviews with various characters, but they are so interwoven with one's personal life that it is difficult sometimes to disentangle them for publication. I *know* it is not myself, because my brain can think about the messages as I get them. I am interested and astonished, and, what is to me the greatest proof of all, I have been *educated* spiritually—gradually led onward and upward, by these patient, loving, understanding friends. May God bless them for their patience with one who is, I fear, often a very backward and wayward pupil."

THE SOUL'S *aim*—its *goal*—is its true home. Aim at the Christhood of the Soul, and you are at one with the Saints of all ages!

The aim is the true standard. I know you fear the Judgment, Child. See how well I know you! But, for your comfort, take this thought—Whatever your Soul's eyes seek to rest on, *that* is the stature of the Soul's attainment. Not what you reach, but what you reach after, is the Seat of Judgment!

A Soul seeks gold; he may be a pauper, but in the balance he is weighed down, heavy with the Soul's desire. A soul yearns after the likeness of the Son of Man; he may be a stained sinner, but the Eternal Scales place in the balance the True Manhood his Soul loves, and he is raised up with that perfect likeness. It is the soul's love which stands revealed in that great day of awakening, and each man is given his heart's desire, whether it be Life Eternal or the Hell of Unsatisfying Gold. Do you not believe there is material gold here? Wait—I will take you—we will travel—lay hold on me in thought, and I will mirror for you what my eyes see:—

A cabin, set in wonderful scenery. Hills surround it, and in the cool green grass flowers bloom. There is light in the cabin, but it is obscured as though by a fog which surrounds the abode. Come closer; look within. A man and a woman clothed in rags, and the walls, floor, ceiling of that place is solid gold. On the table are stacked piles of coins of all countries. They travelled much and amassed great wealth. They loved gold, for gold's sake, and here they came—one soon after the other—to find the treasure they had stored.

Their abode was placed in fair surroundings, for as children they had been innocent and loved playing in the fields, and so they had planted the foundation of their

dwelling in fair fields. But—they were "fortunate!" Speculation favoured them—palaces and courts were open to them—and they began to be the centre of much financial prosperity in their own country. It was gold they loved, not the power it gives to help, but the glittering gold, and they stored and stored, *here*! They had "goods laid up for many years"—aye, that's it! Poor, poor souls!—they had "goods" laid up.

It is not in riches that evil lurks, but in the soul's *store-house*. They gave large sums—were charitable as the world counts charity—but they *loved*—gold. Therefore the soul was ever laying into itself the treasure it possessed. They came here to find their love, and now—behold them! They have been here many years. They go out and meet men and women; some they see, some they do not yet see. But they are beginning to wonder why others do not come so eagerly as they were wont to do to The Cabin of Gold! They were lavish with hospitality, giving gold for gold, but it purchased naught else! They bought rare ornaments of gold, with gold. They bought furniture of gold, with gold, but clothes they could not buy. Garments of gold, with gold were purchased, but as they put them on they crumbled into dust—gold dust. Now, they are in rags surrounded with gold, and those who visit them are even as they. They walk in their rags among the trees and the meadows, but all is dazzling with the reflection of gold from their cabin door, which is open behind them, and they are gradually being starved—for gold buys only gold and not food for a Man's Soul! Set your affections on the things which, having their true life in the spiritual realm, can sustain and feed and nourish in the Day of the Ingathering of Treasure!

Question—"Is there help for these?"

Yes! all the mountains are filled with waiting forms to whom the gold is dross, but these poor ragged Souls are the Treasure of The Father's Heart. The others watch and wait till such time as the gold turns to flame, and they cry to be delivered from the bondage of The Treasure which before had seemed of great worth.

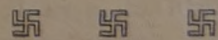
Question—"Do they not love each other?"

I do not think *Love* and the desire for gold can live in the same heart! Did He not say, "Ye cannot serve two Masters?" Love is a King—God's Viceroy upon earth and in heaven. Gold is Mammon. How then can they love? Passion there may have been, but I think the tie was affinity of service to The Lesser King, and when that yoke is broken the greater desolation will be apparent, for the soul will be alone—in its nakedness.

Seek always the Spiritual interpretation of the words of The Master. "Soul! thou hast much goods laid up for many years." In the Country of the Spirit they had stored; goods were laid up; and *they had to claim their own*! On Earth, how proudly! and here, at first, how fondly! till they began to see gold purchases only *gold*. But man cannot live by gold alone, but by the spirit's food—which is the outflowing of Love from The Divine Heart. "Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, His Righteousness, His Bounty, and in the Kingdom of The Real, all else is added unto you."

It is the Goal of your desires by which you judge yourself. Therein we come to the Truth underlying the old Calvinistic idea of "Substitution." It is true only in so far as The Infinite Mercy will see the feeble arms stretched out in longing towards The Christ Ideal, and—looking upon The Eternal Son—sees the weak soul gathered to the resting place it craves, be the man rich or poor. But to the soul who loves Mammon, the judgment is already pronounced. "See! thou hast goods laid up for many years; eat and drink in The Barren Country of the Shadow—till such time as thy Soul is like to perish with hunger. Then—ah! then—arise! and seek thy *True Home*, and the Father Himself shall come forth to meet thee!"

So, Child—that is the lesson—"Seek and love those things wherein is Eternal Well-Being."



INTELLECTUAL HONESTY.—Dean Inge, in a sermon at St. Paul's on June 6, said: "We meet a great many worthy people whom we may trust implicitly not to tell us lies or rob us, and whose private life is free from any stain, who nevertheless have not the most rudimentary notions of what intellectual honesty means. They never think anything out. They have no reasoned convictions, only a miscellaneous assortment of ready-made opinions and prejudices, which they hold without apparently caring much whether they are true or not."

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24a, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

The Rev. G. Vale Owen in London.

THE VICAR OF ORFORD came to London on June 15th to deliver two sermons at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, of which church The Rev. the Honourable J. Adderley (commonly known by the people as "Father Adderley") is Rector. Wonderful congregations assembled to see and hear him. They filled the church and churchyard as well. And what a curiously assorted people they were! The *Daily Mail* reporter catalogues them thus:—

"There were all sorts and conditions of people—clergymen, army officers, city men, girl typists, Covent Garden porters, women in working garb, women of leisure, widows in their weeds, labourers in corduroys. These and other types of humanity were all there."

We give this quotation from a newspaper lest we, who admire that great simple saint who dared to become "of no reputation" by publicly acknowledging his "mediumship," might be suspected of exaggerating. And on every one of that sea of faces which looked towards him in the pulpit, or when he addressed them outside from the church steps, there was the happy smile of friendly approval and sympathetic affection.

This event gives us a clue in miniature to the effect Mr. Vale Owen's scripts have been having upon the world at large. Penned through his hand by angelic beings they have for six months been published Sunday after Sunday, not only in the *Weekly Dispatch*, but in the leading newspapers of America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Many thousands of letters have come to him about them from all parts of the civilised and uncivilised world—including China, Japan, Ceylon and Central Africa—telling him how the communications have there been seen, read and appreciated. These letters have afforded a great insight into the spiritual attitude of many peoples. Some at home tell how they would never before allow a Sunday paper to enter their house, and some far away say they had never guessed that holy men might still write automatically as they were moved by the Spirit.

At the morning service Mr. Vale Owen preached a short sermon on "The Keys of Death and of Hades." He has a tall, spare figure and he resorts to no tricks of rhetoric. His preaching is rather of the homely conversational kind, which aims at conveying truths straight into the minds of his hearers, rather than to make an oratorical display. His voice was scarcely strong enough to reach all parts of the church in the morning, though in the evening he adjusted it to its unwonted task. He laid stress on the fact of the great spiritual movement which was rushing all over the world, with England at its centre, and he gave a beautiful spiritualised version of the entry of Jesus into the Holy City.

"When he left the church Mr. Vale Owen was surrounded by men and women who grasped him by both hands. Men bared their heads, and a number of women wept," says the newspaper reporter. It was truly a moving scene, and the vicar, sending his voice well over the crowd, said—

"I should like, if I can make myself heard, to say a few words. Having exhausted my stock of phrases inside

I don't know what to say. (Laughter.) There is no doubt a service of this kind, attended so largely, does show one thing, and that is the enormous interest which the great spiritual movement passing over the world at the present time has for the thinking part of the populace. (Hear, hear.) I do think we want to think about these things more deeply, that is, to get underneath the surface and discover the real power which has caused this great upheaval. It does show us—does it not?—that the ordinary routine of the every-day religion with which we have been supported from our youth has not proved to be sufficient—(hear, hear)—and we do want to get down beneath and get into touch with those powers which we feel are good and true and which are irresistible. (Applause.) Humble instruments such as you and I must try to be of use for the glory of God and the benefit of the human race. May God bless you all, and show you and me what to do in this great crisis which is moving the world at the present time. God bless you! (Applause.)

In the evening Mr. Vale Owen discoursed on the Revelations of St. John, and laid stress on the fact that St. John wrote of actual facts, things that he had seen and heard. In the beginning of his book he had told them how and where he saw and heard, and at the end of his book he used the most solemn words in regard to any departure from the truth which had been written. An American theological professor had called Revelations a rhapsody, but that was precisely what St. John said it was not. He had simply set down, in words which he meant to be taken in their literal sense, the things he had seen and heard while in the spirit. As the Vicar developed his theme, his hearers no doubt made the application for themselves that just as "Revelations" were psychically transmitted 2,000 years ago, so the spiritual world which is all around us is still making itself seen and heard to those persons sufficiently sensitive to receive spiritual impressions.

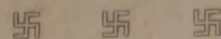
The Rev. FATHER ADDERLEY, standing beside the altar before pronouncing the benediction, said:—"I want to explain why we have these services. There is a general feeling about everywhere that it is quite impossible—after scientific experiments and psychic experiences, that have at any rate become more frequent and better known of late—for religious people to ignore what is known as Spiritualism. I remember how Mr. Frederic Myers, twenty-five years ago, said to me at a meeting—'All you clergy preach your sermons with a great assumption underlying them that there is another world, and all that we are trying to do is to help you towards that day when it shall no longer be an assumption but a fact that everyone will recognise.' Now that alone has always been the desire of the most reputable of psychical researchers and Spiritualists. But now the time has come when a large number of religious people are being left behind in the pursuit of truth, partly through prejudice, and partly because they have heard very many things—many of them quite true—about the way in which some of the experiments have been made. But you might as well say that you would have nothing to do with religion because some people have gone mad on religion. In fact we should have to live out of the world altogether if we were swayed by such ideas. But it is not that I insist on, but why are we having these services? It is because from what we know, what all the world knows, with regard to our preacher to-day, we are perfectly certain there is no fraud and no self-advertisement and no denial of Christianity. That is putting it only in a very negative way. I am not saying anything of the positive things we could say. If we ever had any doubt about it before we have none now, for if ever a man had an opportunity for self-advertisement and fraud our preacher has had it to-day standing in this church, packed from end to end, hundreds of people outside unable to get in; if he had been out for self-advertisement was it psychologically possible that he could have preached two such sermons as he has to-day? Anybody knows he could not, and knowing that I asked Mr. Vale Owen to preach here because I thought it would do real good to people of all kinds, convinced believers and those who are sceptical, to have an opportunity of seeing what a simple-minded humble Christian parson, who does believe in these experiments, and who has had the most extraordinary psychical experiences, to see what manner of man he is and to hear what he has to say about it. If it has done nothing more it may make people think a little more, make them wonder whether there is not a new spiritual movement going on in the world and whether any religious person can afford to stand altogether outside of it or is not bound to come inside it, at least to learn something

about it, to discuss it, to inquire into it; because if there is any meaning at all in religion it means that these things are so real that those who believe in God and Jesus Christ cannot possibly neglect them. We have got past the stage at which this movement can be left severely alone. It can only be left alone very foolishly and with great loss. So I think that our prayers for all Christians—and especially those who have not had experience in these matters—should be that they should be rightly guided, and that those who have it in their power to guide men's thoughts—for example the Anglican bishops at their conference next month—should be spiritually led.

A meeting was afterwards held in the Rectory when many well-known Spiritualists were present by invitation. Mr. H. ENGHOLM, who has been mainly responsible for bringing the famous scripts before the world, and who acts as Mr. Vale Owen's secretary in connection with them, presided, and in an introductory address said that in an interview he had had with Lord Northcliffe in reference to the scripts his Lordship had said he wished particularly to draw everyone's attention to the personality of Mr. Vale Owen. And in psychic matters, as they knew, the man was everything, for these spiritual revelations came through the meek, humble, and child-like saints rather than through scientists or men of great intellectuality. In Mr. Vale Owen's case messages had been received from angels in the higher spheres. They had no doubt of that, but to attempt to prove to the public that these messages were true was impossible. They had to have a spiritual awakening to understand such truth. It was an inward experience that grew within one to know what was spiritually true, but otherwise proof was beyond the reach of any formal or scientific scheme. He recalled the day when at the office of the *Weekly Dispatch* Lord Northcliffe and those about him realised that they had before them such wonderful scripts that the world should have an opportunity to read and judge of for themselves. It was put to him (Mr. Engholm) by the editor that they would like very much to know at that stage how much Mr. Vale Owen wanted for the publication of the messages? When he replied, "Nothing," there had been great surprise. A thing like that had seldom before been witnessed in Fleet Street. It was an amazing thing, but it showed very plainly how deeply Mr. Vale Owen believed in the messages that had been written through his hand and orders where given that the scripts should be advertised in every important daily and evening newspaper in the British Isles. The cost of such publicity could not have been less than about £11,000. Some people were kind enough to suggest that the *Weekly Dispatch* must have made a great deal of money out of them, but in times like these when paper was at a prohibitive price it was not an easy matter to recoup oneself for a large expenditure of that sort. The first result of the advertisements that appeared in the newspapers throughout the country was that Orford Vicarage, from being a peaceful place, all very quiet and simple, became deluged with mail bags and Mr. Vale Owen was told by people who had not yet read the scripts *where* they had come from and *where* they ought to be, and they quoted many passages from Scripture to show him that such things could not be true. Then after their publication letters of a different stamp began to pour in from people who were grateful for a new point of view and from clergymen who were honestly seeking explanations, as they had found the scripts not altogether unorthodox. Then scores of people wrote to thank Mr. Owen. A young man waiting to be executed was reported to have said, "I wonder if the gentleman at Orford will pray for me? Degraded as I stand I am still a human creature, and one thing I have in common with all is the hope of immortality." The scripts were going to be published in book form in five or six different languages, and would go all over the world, and meantime Mr. Vale Owen was going to remain quietly and peacefully at Orford attending to his own people in that little parish.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE said Mr. Adderley had been so splendid in his courage that he thought anyone interested in the psychic movement owed him gratitude. Mr. Engholm too merited their regard, for he had with characteristic energy gone up to Orford, examined the scripts, quickly realised their enormous importance and the consistent grandeur of their language, and had never ceased his operations to obtain publicity for them. He (Sir Arthur) thought he himself had been the first person to allude in public to the matter. In replying to the attacks on Spiritualism at the last Church Congress he had mentioned that the most powerful medium he knew was a clergyman of the Church of England, and that had rather spiked the enemy's guns. (Laughter.) Sir Arthur concluded by telling the following true story. Mr. Vale Owen had on one occasion been so tired that he felt almost incapable of delivering his evening sermon. His mind harked back to one of his angel friends and he appealed for help. Going into the pulpit he found his strength revived, and he was able to get through his sermon. After he had

disrobed in the vestry and was coming into the church, a little girl who had been waiting about came to him and said, "Please, Mr. Vale Owen, do angels come to church?" The Vicar replied that they often did. The girl then said, "I have seen one; he came and stood by you in the pulpit. The angel smiled at me on his way to the pulpit, and then disappeared." "Then you have indeed seen an angel," said Mr. Owen, "and his smile was meant for you, because he knew that one was there who could see him, and would be able to tell me of his presence."



EARTH-BOUND.

Sentenced to death was he, for he had sinned—
"Sentenced to death!" and as a sword of ice
The words froze in his brain, then turned to fire,
To blind him, while the craning faces round
Became one sea of grey, one ashen wave,
And all the dingy court was terrible
With the vibration of death's waiting wings.
So, as an arrow whistles from the bow,
They sped his darkened soul to the Beyond.

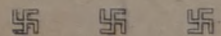
Restless and weary, as the blind sad winds,
Sweeping in desolation o'er the world,
Bound by the fetters they themselves have forged
Of thought, desires, of pleasure, or of sin,
Round the tired earth 'tis said there hover yet
The spirits of the earth-bound, craving still
That which is only of the clinging earth.
Earth-bound, because the garment of the flesh,
The medium of transient delight,
Is gone to ashes, to corruption tossed,
And may no longer thrill to joy or pain,
While the stark soul yearns on unsatisfied,
Earth-bound, perchance because in bitterness
They passed unready into the Beyond,
Or blindly quenched the flame of life before
The hour had come to still its flickering;
Earth-bound, because some deed of violence
Yet throbs its fevered discord in the soul
And will not pass to silence.

To these last

There came this darkened spirit earth cast out,
The scarlet stain of murder on his soul,
Resentfully he came, and full of wrath
For what the men of earth had done to him.
No anger had he 'gainst the bloodless ghosts,
'Twere profitless and vain to strive to slay
That which must live for ever. Powers of earth
Had wrenched his quivering spirit from its sheath
To blindly hurl it on its shadowed way.
So ranged he through the places desolate,
Seeking the means whereby he could return,
Seeking for rest—or vengeance—finding none,
Until there came seven others like to him,
Leaguings themselves with him in partnership
Unhallowed, and they said, "We will return."

Swathing the haggard world in deeper mist,
They hover round the dwellers on the earth,
Like drawing nigh to like, and goading them
To bring to flow'r the secret seed of sin,
Linking themselves with those yet garbed in flesh,
By unseen links not made—or snapped—by hands,
Until one sin for which the penalty
Has been the forcing of the gate called Death
Bear fruit a thousandfold, be multiplied
Past counting, while the scarlet fields of sin
Grow rich with flaming blossoms. Who can tell
How vast the kingdom of discarnate ones,
Wrenched from the hind'ring clay with violence,
Flung wide into the void, and unrestrained
By all that binds a soul while yet on earth?

D. S. GOODWIN



Science is bound by the everlasting law of honour to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it.—*Lord Kelvin.*

I am attacked by two very opposite sects—the scientists and the know-nothings. Both laugh at me—calling me "the frog's dancing-master." Yet I know that I have discovered one of the greatest forces in nature.—*Galvani.*

Before experience itself can be used with advantage, there is one preliminary step to make which depends wholly on ourselves; it is, the absolute dismissal and clearing the mind of all prejudice, and the determination to stand or fall by the result of a direct appeal to facts in the first instance, and of strict logical deduction from them afterwards.—*Sir John Herschell.*

JUST IN THAT PLACE.

When next you find Life's pathway rough,
And winter storms Hope's stars erase,
Ahead of your need has flown a prayer
To ask that an angel meet you there—
Just in that place.

When friends prove weak and work is hard,
When knowledge yields a cold embrace,
Ahead of your need has flown a prayer
To ask that an angel meet you there—
Just in that place.

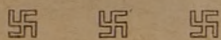
When strength is gone, and nerves are wrung,
When virtue shows a pallid face,
Ahead of your need has flown a prayer
To ask that an angel meet you there—
Just in that place.

When evil lures with winsome power,
When "Self" would choose the mean and base,
Ahead of your need has flown a prayer—
"Oh! Master, I pray Thee—meet him there"—
Just in that place.

When Life seems good, and the heart strong
To do His Will with childlike grace,
Ahead of your joy has flown a prayer,
To blend with your glad soul-music there—
Just in that place.

For every crisis, joy or pain,
For every mood, in every case,
Ahead of them all has flown a prayer
That God will reveal His Purpose there—
Just in that place.

M. ETHELWYN HALL.



A PLEA FOR THE LARGER VIEW.

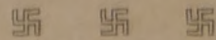
By A. M. I.

ONE of the ancient writers has said that it does not behove men to be like the cattle that go through life with their heads down and eyes fixed on the ground, for since the gods made man a biped, standing erect on two legs, he should exercise this advantage by taking a larger view of men and facts, inviting him to investigate and understand, instead of merely attending to the obvious, and treading the same road as others.

The alert person is the one who sees; but the vast majority have unseeing eyes, and unhearing ears, for they are handicapped by a strong bias which tends to restrain them from scrapping old beliefs and advocating those that appear to be more reasonable. One would have thought that such bias was of the past, or would only be found among the illiterate and prejudiced who lacked modern culture, but as things are at present there can be no question regarding the fate that would be measured even to the Lord Jesus Christ if he dared to return among us.

As far as organised religion is concerned, mankind is now worse off than before Jesus' time. Previously humanity had occasional visits from celestial beings, but now all experiences are supposed to be out of date, the divine voice having been effectually silenced. The Great War has broken up the materialistic view of life. Men who have returned from the front trenches have come back with a different idea of things. They have looked into the jaws of death, but the fear of ridicule causes them to remain dumb. Might I suggest that our view would be greatly enlarged if we refused to believe in anything whatever because our ancestors did so and rely entirely upon personal experience. Bigotry, dogma, and bias are all synonymous with persecution, and are essentially anti-Christian. Perhaps my personal experiences would prove helpful, since I am a layman, and non-Spiritualist. Some years since, whilst reading a scientific work at 11.30 at night, a voice distinctly asked me to pray for her. The voice was my sister's. She lived four hundred and fifty miles away and had, unknown to me, undergone a serious operation that day. A week afterwards it was ascertained that she had been in great pain at this time and had wished my prayers. She was asleep at 11.45, so that my prayers were successful. The sleep lasted all night, till 7 a.m. Three times I have spoken with people who have passed over but (always in dreams). The communications in each case were eventually proved correct. Several times I have seen glorious

beings while I was fully awake. These beings had no wings, and, while clothed, I was unable to discern the nature of the clothing. My impression was that they were clad in colours rather than fabrics. On other occasions I have been aware of beings walking along quiet roads with me, and although no word was exchanged, I can say with the disciples at Emmaus that my heart burnt within me with a great joy.



THERE IS NO DEATH.

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

"But rather think as if the rose
Had climbed the garden wall
And blossomed on the Other Side."

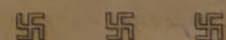
PURPLE heather! for miles it stretched before me, ending far off in a pale streak of turquoise which was the sea. Hills towered behind me, misty blue hills, their summits tipped with gold, which flashed from the sun just sinking from sight over the rim of the world. Slowly, slowly it went, sending lurid red and gold lights across the sky, then, ere it finally dropped like a great golden jewel into that sparkling strip of water, the moon rose, pale and pure, a great white lamp of a moon, which slowly slid into the evening sky. For a moment its pure silver rays mingled with the fiery beams of the sun, then the sunset glory faded to the palest of sapphire and pink, and far above, like a sparkling drop of dew in a sky of primrose, one star began to shine, to keep the white moon company.

Far below in a hollow of the hills, trees held up waving arms in the twilight, their rich green leaves murmuring in the stillness. The wonder of it all, the grandeur, and the peace! How terrible to think that one day this wondrous beauty would be gone, wrapped for ever in a stillness like our souls after death. Not sleeping, but silent for eternity! Yes! dumb grow the lips we loved; hushed and silent the voice we knew. Ah, the cruelty of Death! Could I but touch my loved one once again, could I but wake him from that stillness, and hear him say that he lived and was happy, that after all there is another life beyond!

The gentle murmur of the trees far below ceased suddenly, and in the hush I heard a voice, *his* voice speaking.

"The sun has just set," it murmured; "full of glory it has sunk away, yet to-morrow it will come again to bring warmth and brightness to your world. Last night the moon waned, and the stars all faded away, but to-night you see them once again. At the appointed time the tides ebb and flow, for everything is governed by a divine law. When winter comes all the glorious flowers wither and die, the leaves on the trees shrivel up and fall, but with the Spring they will be reborn, for nothing in Nature perishes. Dear, if the smaller things of Nature do not die, surely the greatest of all creations, man, is immortal. His soul shall rise triumphant, leaving the old worn-out body, just as the faded leaves lie shrivelled on the ground. He will be reborn to a fuller, nobler life, more beautiful than it is in the heart of man to conceive of."

The sweet warm fragrance of heather was wafted on the evening breeze, and far below the leaves recommenced their whispering in the dusk.



THE HUSK FUND.—The following kind donations were received during the past month:—Sir A. Conan Doyle, £5. Mr. H. T. Pemberton, £2. Lt.-Col. Spencer, £1 1s. Mr. A. W. Orr, £1 1s. Mr. Robt. Salvesen, £1 1s. Mr. J. H. McKenzie, £1. X.Y.Z., £1. Mr. A. Ellis, £1. Mrs. Green, £1. W.K., £1. Mrs. Odham, 10s. G.V.E., 5s. All subscriptions should be addressed to Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts.

The Inspirations of "Leon."

MR. WILLIAM HAND, the Lyceum Conductor of the Hanley Spiritualist Church, recently sent us "at the wish of several old Spiritualists," examples of automatic scripts he had been receiving from a spiritual intelligence named "Leon." As the circumstances attending such communications, and some information as to the personality and education of the recipient, are always desirable in considering their genuineness, as coming from other-world intelligences, we wrote Mr. Hand for some particulars of that kind, and he has been good enough to send us the following deeply interesting notes:—

Your letter to hand. In regard to your request I will endeavour to comply. I may say I am not a convert to Spiritualism of any long standing, as I only joined the movement in the latter part of 1914. Previous to this for about twelve years I had held Materialist conceptions, and had studied somewhat deeply of evolution from this point of view.

In February, 1914, a dear child of mine passed to the great beyond, and I was indeed a broken man, and in a despairing condition, as the child was a bright boy of six years and was the light of my life. Two months after this passing I was persuaded by a friend interested in Spiritualism to attend the Hanley Church. At the first service I took part in I received a most accurate description of my child. His name was given, also the nature of the disease which caused the passing, and I received a message. The gentleman who gave me this was a total stranger, and it compelled me to think deeply. I may say I was well acquainted with all the usual arguments which are put to try and explain away the phenomena but they were not good enough for me. From this time I became a regular attendant at the Church and received many more convincing tests. In the latter part of 1914 I applied for membership and was accepted. In 1915 I was elected secretary for this Society, and though a poor writer I endeavoured to carry out the duties of this position.

In 1916 I resigned this office and joined the Army. At Christmas, 1916, I was drafted out to France and served at the front and endured all the terrible hardships of that winter. And here I can testify to the guidance and help I received from the invisibles, as on more than one occasion they enabled me to escape physical death. You will excuse me not relating my experiences as I care not to recall them. But I may say I am one of the few survivors of the battalion in which I served. I came through without a wound, but a very serious illness of trench-fever caused me to be sent to England, and there I remained for seven months. I was sent out again, but being an unfit man I remained at the base for the rest of the war. On February 2nd, 1919, I was demobilised and thus enabled to return to the cause I love.

I might just mention here that previous to going into the Army I had commenced to develop semi-conscious speaking, and soon after I returned home I recommenced to sit for this. Shortly afterwards I received a message in this circle from one of our local psychics to the effect that there was a guide attached to me for a definite purpose. His spirit-name was "Leon," and he was said to be well versed in science, and would convey to me matters of a high order if I would sit at home with pencil and paper. I did not obey this request at the time. Shortly afterwards I began to have sensations of irritability. If I took up a book I could not read or settle. I became obsessed with a call to "Write, write, write!" So I decided to place a night on one side for this and put it to the test. I have been helped in my studies of the philosophy of Spiritualism by an old Spiritualist of this district, and he being well versed in its scientific aspect this no doubt was the means of enabling me to transmit the messages I received. As soon as I commenced to sit I began to receive flashes of intense thought, but the matter I wrote was of simple language. But I kept on writing, my scripts always ending with these words "Go on! Go on!"

This went on till the end of 1919. Then the writing took on a change. I began to write under terrific mental pressure, and I transmitted to paper the matter you have received. I have just recently been informed that there are other spirit operators who help, but I do not know their names. I am somewhat averse to questioning the spirit-people on those matters, holding to the opinion that all that is necessary for us to know will be given. I did ask the question once, when I was writing one of the earlier papers, what was the motive for this? and I received this answer, "You have a brain that thinks on scientific lines, therefore it is suitable to us, and the purpose will be revealed later."

I will now describe the sensations of writing as clearly as I can. I sat quite passive but as I wrote I passed into a state of what I will call "superior excitement," and I finished my papers in a glorious condition of feeling carried away into a beautiful realm of thought. The writings are continuing, and I have twelve more scripts ready, and if I and my old friend are any judges they are of a higher order than those you have in your possession. I shall be pleased to send them on for your selection if you will let me know.

I am still developing semi-trance speaking, and the addresses seem to be taking to some degree the same lines as I write. I am finding the process very helpful to develop normal speaking for my work as Lyceum Conductor.

Now you can see, Mr. Editor, what it has all come from. "A little child shall lead us." I think you will agree with me when I say that is one of the truest sayings on God's earth. I hope you will excuse my writing as I have always been a poor hand. I have often wished I could write as well as think. I might just add that I am a wheelwright by trade, and am in my forty-first year. I sit twice a week, but sometimes I get interrupted. The next time I sit I always take up the same line of thought sequentially.

We have pleasure in giving examples of the earlier and later series of scripts, which will be followed by some others in our next issue:—

From the First Series.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

February 8th, 1920.

We speak again of the supreme law of life and its relation to the human individual. This law clearly understood will open out a great flood of light, because it reveals that life is entirely governed by its operation. Nothing can exist without its operation.

You can call it the law of life, or the law of creation, or the law of progress. But it is one great stupendous fact, and all intelligent individuals must recognise its existence. Its operation covers all Universes, seen and unseen. It is the cause from which the lower evolves to the higher, and a study of its functions will reveal the purpose of creation.

It is now gradually evolving a new consciousness on the material plane by its manifestation. It is revealing that spirit dominates matter, that matter could not exist without the unseen powers and forces. Yes, the unseen is the very life which sustains matter called material.

Once this is understood then it opens the door to a more clear conception of evolution pertaining to physical and spiritual life. We desire that all teachers should endeavour to show that physical life is bound to spiritual life. It is only degree of expression which separates the two. Once this is understood it enables the individual to realise to some degree what conscious expression means. Expression is consciousness expressing itself.

Now comes the supreme point. What is the purpose behind consciousness, that once it understands the divine law of life it shall endeavour to express itself in a purer expression? This is the knowledge which brings you more in harmony with these laws, and will open out to you the fact of eternal progression. Yes, the human individual is a unit of creation, and, either conscious or unconscious, he must evolve to a more perfect standard.

The manifestation of the higher unseen consciousness to the lower is to point out their existence, and that the law of progression is always triumphant. Becoming conscious of this you must harmonise yourself with this law and your spiritual evolution becomes conscious while in the flesh.

THE LAW OF CREATION.

February 15th, 1920.

We return again to the law of creation. A clear knowledge of these facts will be of tremendous value to humanity, because it will bring a clearer insight into everything pertaining to life seen and unseen. It will enable you to realise that there are forms of life in much which is considered dead matter, in fact, we venture further and say that life exists in every form of matter.

It could never come into existence without impelling forces, and forces are life expressed in various degrees. Take the evolution of the mineral kingdom—a lower form of force. Take again the vegetable—a higher, and again the animal—higher still, and again the human—the highest form of expression known to human consciousness.

Let us return to the mineral. Here you have many forms of evolution going on. A deep penetration brings you into touch with many powerful forces from which humanity derives great benefit. You obtain light, heat and chemicals in many various forms. From these you have the manifestation of various degrees of power and

substance, and in the hands of skilled experimenters you have the results to-day.

Let us pass on to the vegetable. Here you have a more beautiful form of life expressed which is visible to all. A pulsating kingdom of sensitive and delicate power. Here again man is provided for abundantly.

Next we approach the animal. Now we are emerging into a low form of consciousness and you begin to see the purpose of creation—evolution to a higher consciousness expressed in the human kingdom, and a superior consciousness expressing itself through an operating law of life, which we call spirit.

Yes, life is manifested in all Universes, seen and unseen, and the unseen is the greatest of all power.

THE HIGHEST ORDER OF NATURE.

February 18th, 1920.

Yes, the unseen is the greatest power of all; and why? Because all life has evolved from that which is unseen. Life is a principle which is only understood by its expression, and, as expression is consciousness unfolding itself, there you have the interpretation of the life-principle expressed in human organism.

Now, let us pass on to the highest expression of principle, which we will call the highest order of nature. The highest order of nature is the infinite expression of divine power which functions in human consciousness, and as human consciousness expands and develops to higher expression you have the manifestation of the operating divine law of life, achieving its object by a gradual evolvement to the highest order of nature.

Every human soul must bow the knee to this stupendous law. There is no escaping its operation. It is only degree of time which separates the human soul from the God-consciousness within. It all depends on progression and unfoldment on the lower planes.

If human individuals search for a clear interpretation of this law of life then they may understand the purpose of the life principle. They may see themselves as an immortal construction. They may know they are a unit of the Universe of life. They will feel an exalted being. They will function on a higher plane of purified consciousness. They will express themselves in accordance with the divine power within. Their evolution will become more rapid. They will feel the power of God expressing itself through them. Their consciousness will expand and they will become conscious of higher states of harmony. They will be thrilled through and through to a state of celestial glorified consciousness.

Yes, the divine law of life, evolving the human soul to a heavenly state of purity. Being conscious of this power allows its operation to be quickened while in the flesh.

From the Second Series.

EVOLUTION THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

March 21st, 1920.

We continually use the term evolution, because it is the secret of life. It is the limitless law of progress. It is the law of infinite intelligence. It is the law which is proving the purpose of creation. It is the law which is opening out a new state of consciousness on the material plane, because it is revealing the unseen planes of activity. It reveals it is not limited to visible things, that its operation extends to the invisible, that it links up every plane of life, that it evolves human consciousness to a higher expression, that every plane of consciousness is a degree of unfoldment towards the next step higher.

Yes, it is the supreme principle of all the universe. The divine universal law of life. The God expression. The spiritual power which moves and has its being in human consciousness. Yes, it reveals that all is Spirit, that the visible is Spirit only expressing itself through an organism of tissue, bone, and muscle. And on the higher planes it expresses itself in an organism of ethereal substance. This is the law we desire every individual to understand who aspires to spiritual things. And if you desire to become an exponent of the science of life you must penetrate into every form of life visible and invisible. Yes, know the law of life and how it operates, then thou art becoming conscious of the life purpose.

We say again it is the secret of creation because this law proves there is a purpose, and that is the divine consciousness which is passing through its various degrees of evolution. Yes, the law of science, the law of progress, the law of life, the law of love, and the law of truth. These are the powers which shall prevail over every theological conception, and this is only a matter of degree of time. All human souls shall realise there is no limit to their unfoldment; that there is a law in existence which has created them for a definite purpose, that they cannot escape its operation, that the quicker they become conscious of this power the sooner are they prepared for a higher state if they harmonise themselves with its quickening power. Yes, our God is the divine controller of this stupendous law. Seek this power we pray. It is part of thee. It

will beautify thy nature. For all are a part of the great overflowing soul which is the God-consciousness.

ASPIRATION AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

March 28th, 1920.

The greatest factor in life is to aspire to the highest unfoldment. This is the secret of spiritual development, and true development leads to God. Ever remember that if you aspire for spiritual help and guidance it is extended to all who sincerely aspire.

What do we mean by spiritual development? We mean that which will beautify your spiritual nature. These are the things that matter, and will help the human soul in its upward evolution. Yes, ever endeavour to become an expression of love, truth, service, sacrifice, and knowledge, and the development of these higher expressions will enable you to conquer the limitations of the flesh.

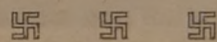
What do we mean by the limitations of the flesh? We mean that state of environment which has been created on the material plane through the misuse of nature's laws. The law of life and its purpose is not understood by humans in the flesh, because it is limited to the physical vision and exercising of physical powers. They realise not that physical functions are due to the spiritual consciousness, which is a unit of the physical organism. Yes, the spiritual consciousness is the secret of man's activities in the flesh.

The true basis of life is that Spirit, is the master hand of the universe. Man's evolutionary process in the early stages was unconscious, then to conscious, and the law of progress evolved an intelligent consciousness, and from that you have evolved to higher degrees of intelligence through every age.

And still to-day your conscious evolution is of the lower order because as we point out, it is limited to the objective vision. Yes, intelligence varies in degree, it depends on what plane it functions. If on the material it is of the lower, but if it has penetrated into the spiritual then it is of the higher, and is learning the purpose behind evolution.

Yes, spiritual evolution is the true science of life, and if concentration was deeper on this stupendous fact there would be a higher conscious intelligent expression in the body of flesh than pertains in your time.

The secret of life is Spirit. It is the stimulation power on every plane. It is the true consciousness of organism. Seek for its purpose, and all is well if thou express thyself in harmony with its highest expression.



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Preston Reader: "No one who has an interest in life's progress can fail to receive inspiration and great benefit from the perusal of the pages of the *Gazette*."

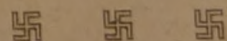
A Yarmouth Subscriber: "Mother and I simply love the *Gazette* and look out for it. You keep it up so nicely, we really enjoy it."

A New Zealand Subscriber: "I look forward eagerly to your paper coming. It is full of interest and when I have read it I send it further afield with the hope that it will bring to you new subscribers."

A Dunedin (N.Z.) Subscriber: "Your last number is excellent and must lift the minds of many you know not of to spiritual heights and continued hope in the glorious life that is yet to be."

A Liverpool Advertiser: "You may be interested to know that I received so many replies that I have been hard put to deal with them all—another proof that yours is the paper of the present-day movement."

A Lady in Lindsay, Ontario: "In these days of feverish unrest it is refreshing to have such an oasis as the *I.P.G.* affords, to turn our hearts and minds to for the refreshment we so sorely need. Do we realise, I wonder, how much we owe to the unwearied efforts of the brave band of workers and contributors of the *I.P.G.*? Fighting the Philistines is strenuous and disheartening work, and there is much of that to do by the brave pioneers of to-day."



MRS. DUFFUS'S SHETLAND PONIES.—Referring to the Richmond Horse Show, the *Daily Telegraph* says, "Shetland ponies were an attractive lot, and Mrs. Etta Duffus, the Elstree breeder, not only won the special piece of plate given by Mr. Robert Thomson, one of the judges, but captured three first prizes." Her full list of successes was as follows:—1st and special prize for Shetland stallions, colts, or geldings with "Huzzoo of Penniwells," 3rd with "Vagary of Penniwells"; 1st and reserve for Shetland mares or fillies with "Mayflower of Penniwells"; and 1st for Shetland ponies in harness with "Vagary of Penniwells." Our good Chairman simply swept the deck of all prizes worth having in this class with her beautiful pet ponies.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

AUTOMATIC WRITING BETWEEN LIVING PERSONS.

Poona, India.

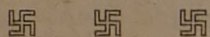
SIR,—In your March number you have quoted the late Mr. W. T. Stead writing in 1893 that he was constantly receiving messages from his assistant-editor, Miss X, as to how she was getting on with her work, and that Miss X had no consciousness that she had been instrumental in controlling the hand of Mr. Stead to write replies. Mr. Stead also said that he had been getting replies from other friends of his who controlled his hand. In your April number a correspondent signing himself "Tested and Tried" writes that he tried eight of his friends, and they replied automatically and characteristically. He even questioned the Prime Minister *re* congestion of food at the docks, and also asked Mr. Asquith, and both replied. Finally he questioned a client about a delicate business matter, and a sum of money owing to him, and the automatic reply was prompt and satisfactory. He suggests that automatic writing between living persons appears to have a great future for all who care to cultivate it.

Now two living persons are required for such experiments. It is very well for the questioner to sit quiet, pencil in hand, and go on putting questions to a number of persons, friends, or unknown, to tap information out of them regarding all sorts of matters.

The person questioned is not at all conscious that a psychical process has been put in motion against him to extract various kinds of information from him, by tickling some inner invisible entity which seems to be irresponsible, and most indiscreetly goes out and controls the hand of the questioner, freely writing out replies which his physical counterpart would in most cases refuse to give out. This is very much like asking the confidential manager of a banker or other business man to telegraph to the questioner private information, on the sly, without taking the permission of the banker. The morality of such a process is very questionable. It is nothing else than a form of black magic. The questions may often be quite harmless, but in many cases they would be objectionable.

It must be ascertained in the first place as to who is this communicating entity. Is it the astral counterpart of the questioned person, or is it some other astral spirit from the other world who has got into rapport with the questioner, who must be in same way mediumistic? Evidently Mr. Stead must have given up such undesirable practice, or did he experiment any further after 1893? It is all very well to get automatic messages from disembodied entities, but it is quite a different thing to draw out the thoughts of a living person without his knowledge. Such practices would cause a great deal of harm and should not be encouraged.—Yours truly,

N. D. KHANDALVALA.



BOOK NOTICES.

By L. A. A.

SELF-UNFOLDMENT. By B. F. Austin. Austin Publishing Co., Los Angeles. 75 cents.

The substance of a series of class lessons and lectures given by the author; the former showing how to obtain poise and power, to develop mediumship, obtain control of thought and power to transmit it, the control of the subconscious mind, and instruction on healing. The lectures deal with the common origin of all religions, and Spiritualism in poetry, with a chapter on the tenets of New Thought, Christian Science, and Spiritualism, showing the mission of Spiritualism to be to "instruct, comfort, unfold, develop, and inspire humanity here and hereafter." Finally, some excellent practical rules are given for strengthening the memory.

MODERN PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA. Recent Researches and Speculations. By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. London: Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

A very interesting book by a well-known writer containing an account of research work in the field of psychical phenomena, conducted by the author and other eminent investigators. The opening chapter deals with the destiny of man, and his life—"a short episode between two eternities"—is shewn to be meaningless if no spiritual world exists. Therefore he must strive to penetrate the veil in order to prove survival. Psychical research and its despised phenomena are the only means by which we can prove the truth as to the nature of the cosmos. This then is the coming science, and although as yet in its infancy, an ever-growing number of investigators are testifying to the reality of these phenomena. There is a large and varied field open for experiment which offers rich rewards, and investigation will help us to understand the universe right, and bestow a spiritual significance upon all that we see. What are ghosts? psychic photography, projection

of the astral body, psychic healing, mathematical proofs, the sexes hereafter, are some of the subjects dealt with. The chapter on psychic photography, which has a great future before it as a means of investigation, is profusely illustrated.

THE SEER AND THE MASTER. A study of what man is and what he can be. By James B. Este. Azoth Publishing Co., New York: 35 cents.

Calling attention to the fact that the universe is alive throughout, and that over all states of mind and their coarse covering is the Infinite Mind in which they are immersed, their primary source and end, the writer goes on to shew that man possesses the powers that constitute seership. The soul has the power to look without and within and so may come in touch with the Infinite Mind and receive therefrom. In the third or last degree the seer becomes a Master of the highest type. "By union with the Supreme Mind the Master first controls himself and then has dominion over the things of nature."

NOTES ON REINCARNATION, IMMORTALITY AND UNIVERSALISM. By George Christopher, F.C.S. London: Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

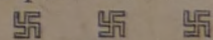
The notes are addressed exclusively to the Christian believer, and are the result of an endeavour to define Christianity. Incidentally they claim Reincarnation to be essentially a Christian doctrine, taught throughout the Bible. The method followed by the author is the selection of a number of texts bearing upon the three doctrines he is discussing, and then in the notes giving his deductions. The author points out that Christianity has become corrupted, and is presented in a form which the thoughtful cannot accept in detail, although many recognise a true principle underlying it. By the acceptance of the doctrines under discussion, and reading the Bible in their light, we arrive at a system of Christianity which is acceptable both to the intellect and the heart. It is noteworthy that the writer has never studied Theosophy, preferring, as he says, to approach the subject from the standpoint of the simple Christian believer who takes his Bible as his guide.

THE REPORT OF THE SEYBERT COMMISSION ON SPIRITUALISM. By Lippen, Cott & Co., London. 6s. net.

Mr. Henry Seybert was during his lifetime an enthusiastic believer in Modern Spiritualism, and presented a sum of money to the University of Pennsylvania to form a Chair of Philosophy, stipulating that a Commission should be appointed to investigate different phases of Truth, particularly Modern Spiritualism. This was done some thirty-five years ago, with the result that for more than a year a most interesting series of experiments were carried out. All forms of phenomena were carefully examined in the presence of many witnesses. The conclusion arrived at was that the result of the experiments was unsatisfactory. "We have not been cheered in our investigation by the discovery of a single new fact!" It was found that as soon as investigation began the manifestation of Spiritualistic power ceased! Some wrong condition somewhere! "Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, if it means anything at all must be something better than slate-writing, rappings, materialisations, etc. The grosser physical manifestations can be but the ooze and scum cast up by the waves on the idle pebbles. The waters of a heaven-lit sea must lie far out beyond."

THE DAWN OF HOPE. By the hand of Edith A. Leale. With Forewords by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Rev. F. J. Paine, and Rev. Arthur Chambers. 5s. net. London: Kegan Paul.

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